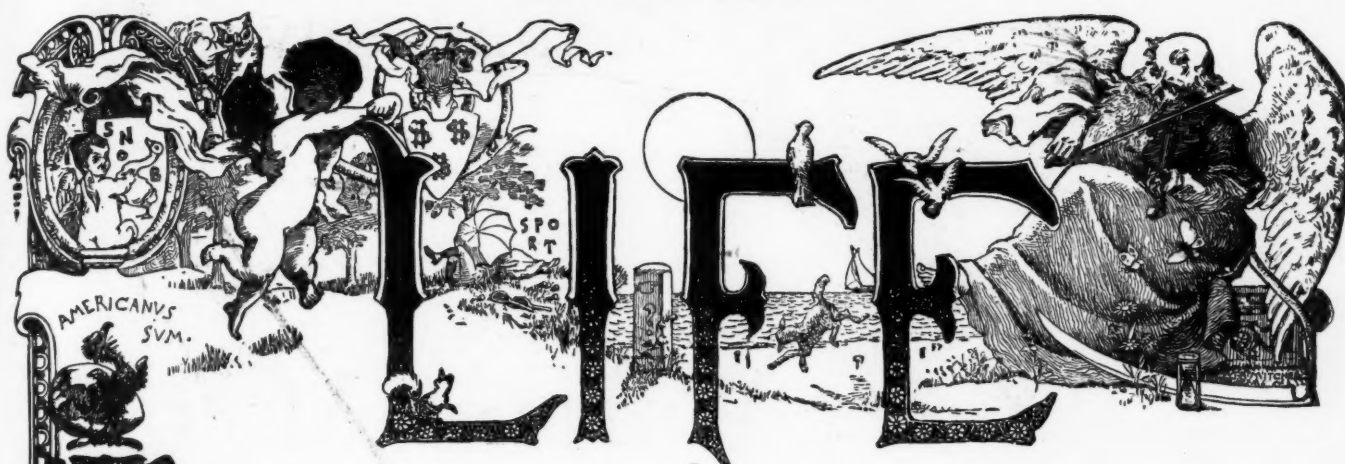


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A SHORT WAY OUT OF IT.

Papa: BUT WHY DO YOU SIGN IT "YOUR LOVING SON, AMY?"

Amy: WHY, OF COURSE MAMMA WILL KNOW, AND I COULDN'T SPELL DAUGHTER!

Solid Silver

Exclusively.



WHITING M'F'G Co

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th St.,

NEW YORK.



DESIGNED AND
MADE BY
WHITING M'F'G CO.

LARCHMONT CUP FOR SCHOONERS, 1893.
WON BY "LASCA."

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY, AND OF BUT

ONE GRADE, THAT OF STERLING ⁹⁹⁹/₁₀₀₀ FINE;

ALL OF OUR GOODS BEAR THE ABOVE TRADE-MARK,

THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

Hilton, Hughes & Co.

Successors to

A. T. STEWART & CO.

**Midsummer Prices that
Cannot be Matched
in America**

First-class merchandise goes over our counters
now for less money than ever before heard
of, and a guarantee goes with every bargain.

SILKS.

Liberty Satins and Swiss Taffetas
(Imported to sell at 1.50 and 1.75.)

98 cts. yard.

Double Warp Surahs, black ground
Col'd Hair Line (Imported to sell at 1.25)

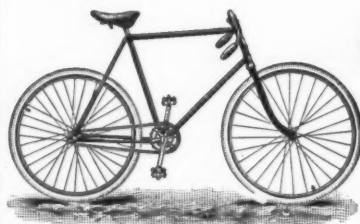
58 cts. yard.

Printed Crepe de Chine (2.50 quality)
98 cts. yard.

Fancy Taffetas printed on white
ground (a 1.50 quality)
75 cts.

THE ENTIRE BLOCK,
Broadway, 4th Avenue,
9th and 10th Streets.

REMINGTON CYCLES



ARE THE BEST

in
Design, Material,
Workmanship and Finish.

\$100 to \$135.

Fitted with the world-famous Bartlett "clinch" or Palmer Tire.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY,

Manufacturers of the Remington
Fire-Arms, of world-wide reputation.

313-315 Broadway, New York.

IT is rarely that a man has the good fortune to encounter a bartender who mixes a uniformly good cocktail. When he does discover this paragon, it may be that he is seldom within reach. Or if one is his own cocktail creator, he has too often had the sad experience of finding the bitters, the vermouth, or some other essential, "just out;" and this plight will occur in his thirstiest moments.

All this is avoided by having a case of the Heublein Club Cocktails in their call. They are made of absolutely pure, well-matured liquors, compounded in accurate proportions and are deliciously blended. You find them at all leading grocers. For yachts, camps, picnics, or the bachelor's cupboard, they are a blessing undisguised, and are pronounced a household necessity by those who know what a good cocktail is.

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UNDER THE ACT OF 1884.

Stern Bros

Men's
Furnishings

The latest novelties in
High Class Neckwear,
Gloves,
Handkerchiefs,

Dress and
Outing Shirts
Pajama Suits
Underwear,
Hosiery,

Umbrellas,
Crops and Canes

All at
very reasonable prices.

West 23d St



He: ROBINSON IS VERY ANXIOUS TO MARRY AGAIN.

She: WHY, I DIDN'T KNOW HIS WIFE WAS DEAD.

He: SHE ISN'T. THAT'S THE REASON HE IS SO ANXIOUS ABOUT IT—SHE IS WITH HIM NOW.

A FULL STOP.

CHICAGO COUNCILMAN: I can stand a good deal, but this is too much.

FRIEND: What's the matter?

CHICAGO COUNCILMAN: I didn't mind voting to make St. Patrick's day a legal holiday, and I didn't object when it came to adding Emperor William's birthday to the legal holidays, but when these Chicago Chinese laundrymen come forth and demand that we decorate the city hall and suspend business because it's the anniversary of the day that the great Confucius caught the measles, I think it's time to draw the line.

A SURPRISING RESULT.

DICKY: Wreally, I had to pinch myself to find out whether I was asleep or awake.

ADA (*interestedly*): And which were you?

DICKY: Asleep!

WOOL: I had our friend, the musical critic, with me at Hobokenhurst two or three days last week.

VAN PELT: Enjoyed himself, didn't he?

WOOL: Not a bit; the robins insisted on singing every morning, when it was perfectly clear to him that they didn't know the first thing about music.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

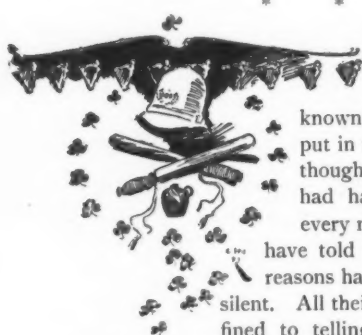
VOL. XXIII. JUNE 21, 1894. No. 599.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



MR. JOHN W. GOFF has certainly made a reputation for himself as the prosecuting attorney of the Lexow Committee which is investigating New York's rotten police department. But the reputation Mr. Goff has made is only a tithe of the reputations he has ruined. His fearless and searching questions have—not opened the eyes of New Yorkers, for everyone knew it before—but have made it a matter of public record that vice in New York has not only been aided and abetted by those who were sworn to suppress it, but evil-doers have actually been incited by the police to continue in their infamy so as to yield more revenue to their so-called "protectors."

Even New York's great daily newspapers have at last learned the truth. The discreet silence which has marked their policy towards the police has at last been broken and some especially fearless members of the fearless New York press have dared to print editorials which did not speak of the force as "the finest," nor lather the Police Commissioners and Superintendent Byrnes with flattery.



FOR years every one who knew anything at all about New York has known the truth that has just been put in the form of evidence. Although any New York daily that had had the courage and used every means at its command could have told the same story, prudential reasons have kept every one of them silent. All their comments have been confined to telling us what a well-protected city this was and what perfect control the police had of the criminal classes.

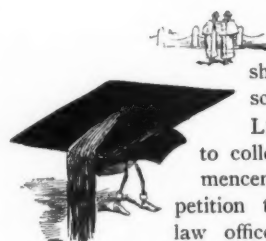
The reason for this security is simple. There is no doubt that Superintendent Byrnes and his men have an admirable knowledge of the criminal classes of New York. This in hand, the criminal and disorderly characters are broadly

divided into two classes, the first to be clubbed and railroaded when they ply their trade, and the second to be "protected" for the sake of the information and blackmail they yield. To be reduced from the second class to the first is dire punishment indeed. It has been well understood for a long time among citizens of this class that to get into the black books of the police almost meant getting off the face of the earth—certainly getting off of Manhattan Island. What was the good of complaining? No newspaper was brave enough to champion the cause of a person of good repute who was persecuted by the police, much less of a criminal.

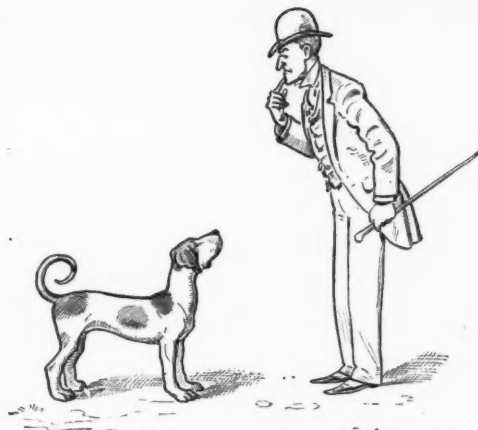
THE blackmailing features of this exposure, with its record of vice fostered and encouraged so that it might yield up the last dollar that it was capable of earning for its police masters, has yet a gloomier background of persecution and merciless pursuit. This has not yet come to the surface in the investigation, but if the Lexow Committee can overcome the feeling of intimidation which it has ever been the policy of the police to inspire, we may hear some tales that would make the cruelties of d'Argenson seem mild and benevolent.

IN this whole matter the position of Superintendent Byrnes has been one to interest the observer. It is well known that although he has never drawn a large salary, or had any apparent source of income outside of it, he is a wealthy man. It is also known that in many ways—most ways—he has been an efficient officer. It is claimed by his friends that his money has been made honestly, and that the corruption in the department would have been uprooted if he had been free to act unhampered by a board of politician and blackmail-receiving commissioners. It has been suggested that the Superintendent be given complete charge of the police department. Before this dangerous proposition can be even considered it behooves Superintendent Byrnes, in justice to himself, if he is honest, and in any event in justice to the people of this city, to account for his fortune, and to tell all he knows about the Board of Police Commissioners.

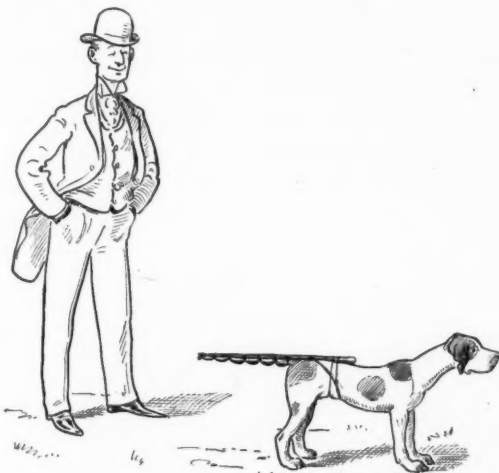
Meanwhile the courageous New York press can continue to ridicule Dr. Parkhurst, and pat itself on the back for its fearless handling of New York's corrupt police department.



THE diploma mills are hard at work and he-and-she-graduates are about to be scattered broadcast over the land. LIFE would respectfully suggest to college pastors that in their Commencement Day prayers be included a petition that the doctor-shops, pulpits, law offices and editorial rooms of this already afflicted country be preserved against an indigestion of brand-new wisdom.



"HE WOULD MAKE A GOOD LOOKING POINTER IF HIS TAIL WAS ONLY STRAIGHT."



"NOW, LITTLE ONE, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I WERE TO GIVE YOU THESE. WOULD YOU SAY THESE *IS* GOOD ORANGES OR THESE *ARE* GOOD ORANGES?"

"HOW KIN I TELL TILL I SUCK 'EM?"



THE world at large seems to be in the dumps. From far-off India and Ceylon come tales of business depression that quite equal our own sixty-cent wheat and rapidly disappearing Treasury balance. All this is coincident with the seventeen-year locusts and increased activity among the sun-spots. From which it is easy to argue that the only possible successor of Grover Cleveland is that distinguished pension-distributor and grandfather, Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana.

This is a serious question. Are the people of the United States in any condition to stand four years more of Russell Harrison and Baby

McKee, with the ever-threatening possibility of John Wana-maker looming up in the near background? We trow not. And then again when we think of the confirmed ability of a large number of the American people to do the wrong thing, we fear that even this woe may be visited upon us for our sins.

FATHER: Tommy, what's your mother baking—a cake?
TOMMY: Can't tell yet. It isn't done.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

IN good times and bad times alike, the children of the poor suffer from the city's heat. If prevailing conditions have affected any of LIFE's readers, which we hope is not the case, we trust they will not let the fact that they have to reduce the amount of their contributions to the Fresh Air Fund deter them from sending what is within their means.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$505.21	From Joe's Penny Box.....	\$3.00
From the "Willing Four".....	5.00	Helen S. Phipps.....	5.00
H. M. B.....	20.00	Total.....	\$538.21



SOME REMARKS ON MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS.

HAVELOCK ELLIS'S remarkable study in sociology, entitled "Man and Woman," which is as notable for its scientific fairness as for the popular way in which the subject is presented, contains a conclusion in the last chapter which ought to set at rest a great many uneasy minds in the present Woman's Suffrage contest. He says:

"The respective fitness of men and of women for any kind of work or any kind of privilege can only be ascertained by actual open experiment; and as the conditions for such experiment are never twice the same, it can never be positively affirmed that anything has been settled once for all. When such experiment is successful, so much the better for the race; when it is unsuccessful, the minority who have broken natural law, alone suffer. An exaggerated anxiety lest natural law be overthrown is misplaced. *The world is not so insecurely poised.* We may preserve an attitude of entire equanimity in the face of social readjustment."

How consoling that is for the far-seeing men who feel that if women vote they will get into a peck of trouble! They probably will, but that is part of the great game of Nature; you may have your fun, but if you have broken a natural law you will pay for it. Meanwhile, man may enjoy the complication in "an attitude of entire equanimity"—for it isn't his funeral. Nature is looking after him, and she sits up nights and is on duty all day Sundays to do it. It is probable that she has already laid the pipes to make the Woman Voter an increasingly homely creature with atrocious taste in the matter of frocks and bonnets; so that men will steer clear of her, and in the long run only the pretty girls who *won't* vote if they have the privilege, will get husbands and raise families of other pretty girls who will, by heredity, shun the ballot as they would poison.

When the time comes that to have her name on the polling list is equal to a declaration that she is an old maid, woman will abandon the privilege she fought for, and the law (if there should be one) will perish of desuetude.

And during all those years, man in his "attitude of entire equanimity" will have the social problem very much simplified for him, because all the disagreeable women in a community will be registered at the expense of the State!

Thus is Nature justified of her children, and the great world keeps her poise—even though the State of New York goes wrong!

* * *

IN the little volume by F. Marion Crawford, published in the Autonym Library (Putnam) under the title "The

TWO SIDES TO IT.



THOSE ON THE EAST END OF THE PIAZZA WERE SOMEWHAT SHOCKED.



BUT THERE WAS NO GOOD REASON FOR IT.

Upper Berth," there are two short tales which illustrate admirably the two ways of writing a ghost story. In the first, "The Upper Berth," the ghost is not explained; in the other, "By the Waters of Paradise," the ghost is explained in a most agreeable manner, so that hero and reader fall in love with her.

Both are ghosts of an unusually fine brand, and the gentle reader can take his choice, or read both, as his nerves permit. But the present writer unhesitatingly asserts his belief that the only kind of ghost story worthy the name is one with a

real, hair-raising ghost in it that can *not* be explained away by any law, natural or supernatural.

The man who buys and reads a ghost story is entitled to the genuine article—and he'll get it in "The Upper Berth."
Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

OVERHEARD IN ARCADY. By Robert Bridges. Illustrated by Oliver Herford, F.G. Atwood and A. E. Sterner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Trespasser. By Gilbert Parker. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Rubicon. By E. F. Benson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Religion of a Literary Man. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

King's Handbook of New York City. By Moses King. Boston: Moses King.

Phemie's Temptation. By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

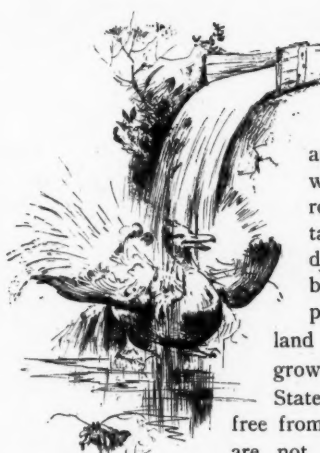
The Wife's Victory. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

The Art of Taking a Wife. By Paolo Mantegazza. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Hypnotic Tales. By James L. Ford. New York: George H. Richmond and Company.

MADE THEIR WORK EASY.

"IT seems to me," said the city editor, as he laid down the office Bible which had been dug out of the library for reference, and which he had been looking over in a moment of idleness, "that those fellows, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, to avoid getting scooped, must have compared notes while they were out on their assignments."

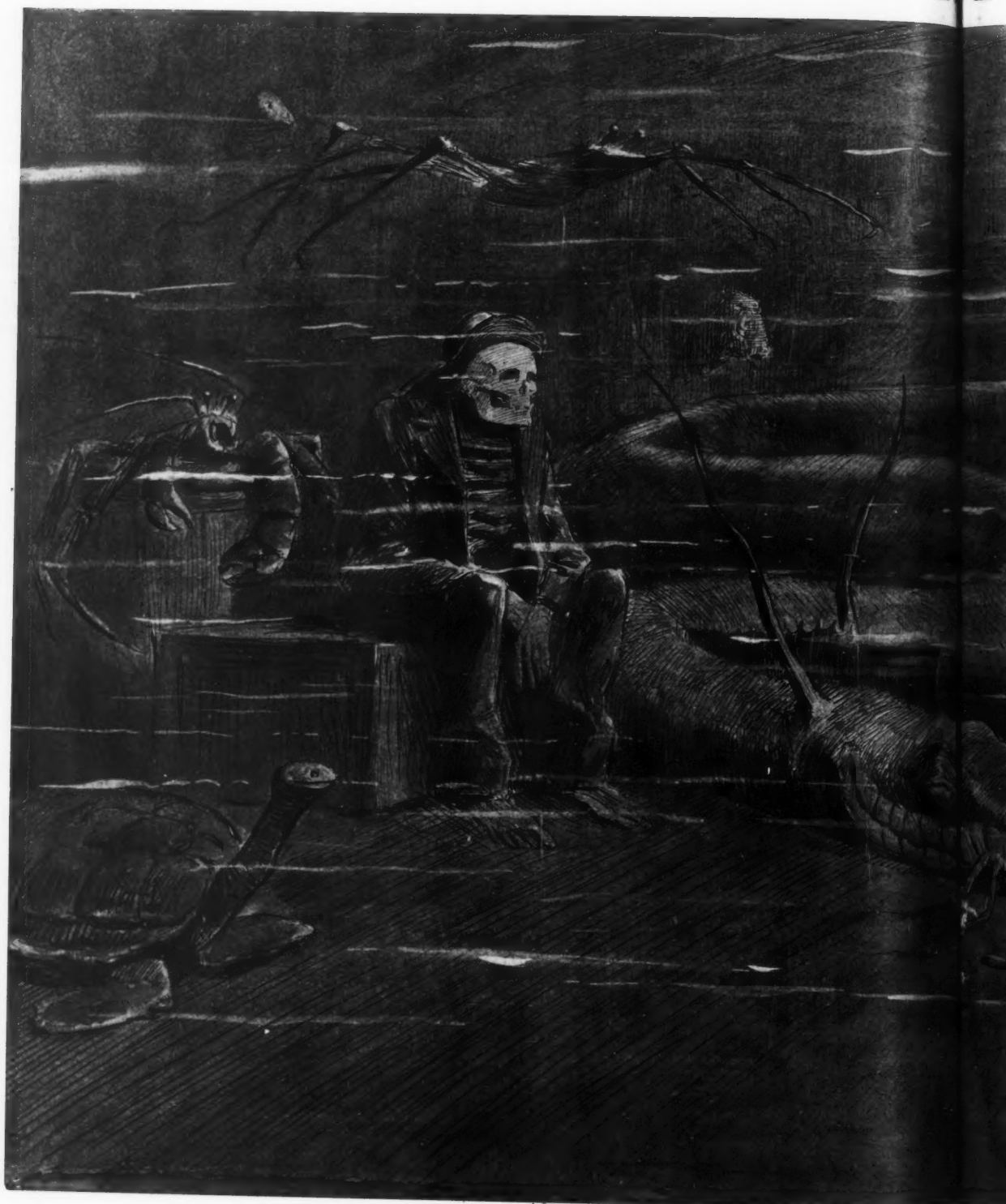


LIFE'S good friends, the Roman Catholics, are about as much agitated over the proposed constitutional amendment to do away with the exemption of religious property from taxation as the barn yard duck is over water on its back. Although they have picked out large tracts of land directly in the line of growth of every town in the State, and are holding the same free from all public charges, they are not worried. The Catholic

Church hasn't taken an active though invisible part in politics for nothing. To-day it stands in a position to dictate to the leaders of both parties, and it need fear neither legislation nor amendment that will disturb the nice, fat prospective profits on its real-estate speculations.

If the priests have more business ability than the ministers and clergymen, certainly no Constitutional Convention should handicap them by repealing exemptions which are a rank injustice to every tax-payer.





WHY: OF COURSE THERE IS
DIDN'T HE POSE FOR LIFE LAST SUNDAY



IS THERE A SEA SERPENT?
FOR LIFE LAST SUNDAY AT DAVY JONES'S?

MYOPTIC ESCHATOLOGY.

LAYING aside my glasses clear,
Kind squires to halt myoptic eyes,
Blundering among blurred stars, I peer
Into the dim, dull-twinkling skies.

Some day, 'mid those faint lights adrift,
Wandering past all fancy far,
My spirit shall its journey shift
From half-seen star to half-seen star.

And this daft fear fantastic starts:
In those blurred worlds what shall I do,
Lacking the firm, material parts
To hang my wonted glasses to?


Amos R. Wells.

AN INHUMAN DOCUMENT.

A MONOLOGUE BETWEEN BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

REPORTED BY AN AUTOBIOGRAPHER.

(With portraits of and by himself, at the same and other ages.)

 IN a battlemented shanty on the now-nearly-blasted-to-flinders rocks of Harlem, I found the subject of this heartfelt sketch. Without any preliminary, he consented to interview himself on behalf of the public and any syndicate that was willing to put him on the market. He said "Times was dull and currency skeerce," a sentiment with which the interviewer agreed. So, with a schooner and a fountain-pen, the scribe set to work. It is easy to make copy, but blamed hard to sell it.

"Mr. Webster, you were born, I suppose?"

"No," was the hardly expected answer, as he put his cigar on the ormolu candelabra. "I am an evolution; I am a product of the soil." He looked it.

"Have you another cigar?" inquired the scribe uneasily, as he cleaned the ready slate with his thumb, and sharpened his pencil until Mr. Webster's teeth stood on edge.

"As I said," he went on, "I am an evolution of an environment. New York has its Harlem, Cæsar had his Brutus—"

"No you don't," the reporter remarked kicking; "mouldy quotations don't go for copy!"

"And of Harlem I am the consummate flower. I have an old ambrotype of myself at the age of six. Can you work that in?"

"If McSyndicate doesn't see it, it may be inserted," the scribe admitted.

"It was at six that I first began to write—also to read. My earliest written efforts consisted entirely of n's. I have not preserved any copies of these early works. But ten years rolled away, and to my intense surprise I discovered that I was sixteen—think of it, sweet sixteen in Harlem!"

"I have thought of it. Get along, Benjamin. What we want are facts, facts about your early life."

"My next earliest recollections I have completely forgotten. I seem to see vaguely a river, a great dark, wet river—"

"And you graduated from —?"

"Johns Hopkins University at thirty-three years of age."

"But there wasn't any then?"

"I guess you're right. Call it William and Sarah University. Never

mind small details," said Mr. Webster, "I must get on to my purely literary life."

"But haven't you a tintype of the campus or something?"

"Yes," and he bent to take one from the soap-box on which we sat. "Run it in, next to pure reading matter. Here I spent the happiest years of my young manhood. I have still portions of a prose translation of Homer and other Latin classics that I made at the time," and Mr. Webster leaned suggestively over the soap-box; "but if you think McSyndicate wouldn't run them in—"

"I don't think he would," the scribe remarked, shaking his fountain-pen fiercely but fruitlessly.

"Well, then," sighed Benjamin W., "we shall have to work in this water-color sketch of myself in my student days. It does me justice, for I deserved all I got. At this time I burst into public notice by that exquisite poem 'The Tile.' You know it goes:

"Where did you get that hat,
Where did you get that tile?
I'd like a hat like that,
It is a nobby style—."

"Yes, yes; I know!" broke in the reporter, disengaging himself from the schooner, which had become entangled with his moustache. "And what camera was the next to suffer?"

"See here, how many portraits do you think the public will stand?—and when do I get in the literature?" Mr. Webster asked, with an offended glance at the emptied schooner.

"Mr. Webster," said the reporter, gently but firmly, "process cuts are a good sight cheaper than even your literary stuffing, and McSyndicate told me to wind you up short on literary fads, and then end in a blaze of cuts. Observe?"

"Money talks!" said Webster, with a ten-volt sigh. "So, here's a landscape of me when I wrote the 'Charge of the Light Brigade';" and he hurled an imperial Aristotype photo. upon the escritoire. "It is fairly good, and well preserves the villainous glare of the eye," he went on.

"And what do you consider your most successful work?" asked the scribe, whose slate was nearly full.

"The Growler," said Mr. Webster. "It is a realistic, dreggy thing, of Zola-like intensity. But I show my mettle there."

"That'll do," said the scribe, "now dump out the rest of your soap-box art gallery, and I'll fix you all right."

Mr. Webster produced a few more rogues gallery studies, and the monologue was at an end.—Adv.



FROM A TINTYPE OF WILLIAM AND SARAH COLLEGE. B. WEBSTER IN FOREGROUND. (Proofs on India paper for sale in quantities at 35 cents a hundred. Discount to members of the learned professions.)



B. WEBSTER AT THIRTY-THREE. RE-DRAWN FROM A WATER-COLOR BY AN ARTIST OF HARLEM.



THE HOMESTEAD AT HARLEM.



CHARGE OF THE L. BRIGADE PERIOD. AGE FORTY-THREE.



A RARE LITHOGRAPH OF HIS AUNT.



AMBROTYPE AT SIX.

HARDLY SUITED TO THE OCCASION.

EDITOR (looking over reporter's copy): What's this! "Our esteemed fellow citizen, Colonel Jones, is believed to be at death's door?" Didn't we print a sketch of Colonel Jones's career some time back? Look it up, and bring it up to date in case he should die to-night.

REPORTER (after an inspection of the files): Here it is, sir, but I'm afraid it won't do for an obituary. It was written when we were opposing Colonel Jones for the legislature.



LUCY AND THE MOUSE.

"HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock."

Alas! that clock
Was one of those
Embroidered on
Sweet Lucy's hose.

If it "struck one,"
It struck me, too,
As rudest deed
A mouse could do.

A swish! a swirl!
A shriek suppressed!
And snow-white skirts
Were manifest.

And mouse and I
Can truly swear
That dainty hose
Doth Lucy wear.

"Run, little mouse!
Run quick!" I say;
"For he who frights
And runs away
May live to fright
Another day."

W. D. Ellwanger.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

THEY were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist and their lips met at frequent intervals.

The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness; with the joy of an ambition gratified; of a goal

attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last!

Nevertheless she said shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face:

"Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise. When you began to speak I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say *that*, you know."

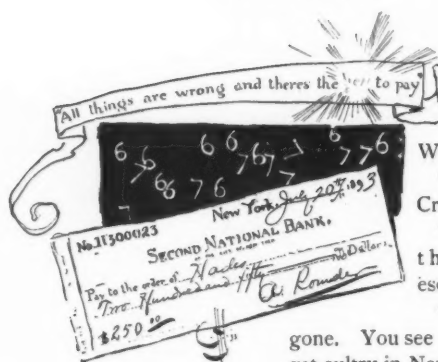
"No," replied Charlie, with direct and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove! Neither had I!"

VERY FERVENT.

LITTLE DOT: Why do you pray so loud for things you want? God isn't deaf.

LITTLE DICK: No, but grandpa is.

FOND MAMMA (*to clerk in china store*): I see you have mugs marked Tom and Jerry; have you any with Willie and Charlie on them?"



"PLEASE tell LIFE I would like to speak to him."

"This is LIFE. Who is it?"

"I am Richard Croker."

"Indeed. We thought you had escaped to Europe."

"Not escaped—just gone. You see it was beginning to get sultry in New York."

"Exactly. We have heard that prominent Tammany men were suffering from the rise in temperature caused by the investigations of the Lexow Committee."

"Please don't say that I escaped. The Committee hadn't summoned me, and I was at liberty to do as I pleased."

"LIFE doesn't blame you. We think it was rather clever for you to go just when you did, and in just the way you did. If you had made any parade of your departure instead of skipping off between two days there might have been subpoenas and indictments and things to hamper your enjoyment of European travel. You are certainly clever, and LIFE can't help admiring cleverness even in a green-goods man or a bunco-steerer."

"Then I am to understand that LIFE is on my side?"

"You go a little too fast. If we have our pocket picked we may admire the dexterity of the thief, but that doesn't save him from our detestation as a thief or keep us from complaining to the police."

"Do you mean to imply that I am a thief?"

"Not exactly. We should say that you were an abstracter."

A thief takes money or other valuables from his victim by dexterity or force. The abstracter accomplishes the same result in a gentler way. We are not prepared to maintain that you have accumulated your large fortune by direct stealing from the city treasury. If we could, we would not hesitate to call you a thief. An abstracter would not be guilty of such a proceeding. He might, for instance, secure the leadership of an organization like Tammany Hall. Then with the power of that organization to elect, he might sell the nominations for large prices. The men who bought these positions and paid for them had to recoup themselves, and so they became the thieves. The abstracter might be the silent and invisible partner in fat city contracts, awarded by the men he had put in office. He might be the hidden

purchaser of real estate in the line of city improvements to be ordered by the same minions."

"But the Lexow Committee is only investigating the police."

"We know. But they may find that some of the dirty money which has come into the hands of the police, as the practical proprietors of every resort of vice in New York, may have found its way up through the hands of Captains and Commissioners into the hands of an abstracter. Yes, Mr. Croker, we think you were very clever to get away before any such information was brought to the surface. It reminds us somewhat of Mr. Tweed's journey to Spain."

"But I can come back without being locked up, and he couldn't."

"It looks that way just now, but things may be different in the autumn. Mr. Goff seems to be a good lawyer and very much in earnest."

"Do you think I have done anything that lots of other men wouldn't do?"

"Bless your innocent heart, no. That's the very



THE GOING OUT OF THE TIED.



"NOW, WHEN I GIVE DE COMMAND 'COVER' YOU IS TO SEE DAT YOU IS TERECKLY BEHIN' ME. NOW 'COVER'."



"GOOD LAWD, CHILE. YOU'VE COVERED SURE NUFF, BUT DAT AIN'T TACTICS."

trouble. The success of a man like you makes so many other would-be Crokers that you are one of the worst foes known to our Republican institutions. We consider Aaron Burr, with all his plotting and planning to overthrow the United States Government, a sucking-babe compared with you. A foe of his kind is easily dealt with. An example like yours saps the honesty and patriotism of too many people who without it might be honest and patriotic."

"In the words of a philosopher well remembered in New York politics, 'What are you going to do about it?'"

"As usual. Fret and fume for a little while, possibly punish one or two poor subordinate devils who are not so clever as you are, and then go ahead and close our eyes while some new abstracter, doubtless a politician of the Irish Catholic school, enriches himself at our expense and sets the example for other abstracters to follow."

"Well, LIFE, ta-ta! I am now going to enjoy myself for a few months, until your indignation blows over. Then I will return to enjoy my palace, my race-horses, my stock-farm, my other possessions and my *otium cum dig.*"

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Croker. It might be that you would be met on your return by a number of indictments, waiting to make you welcome."

J. S. M.

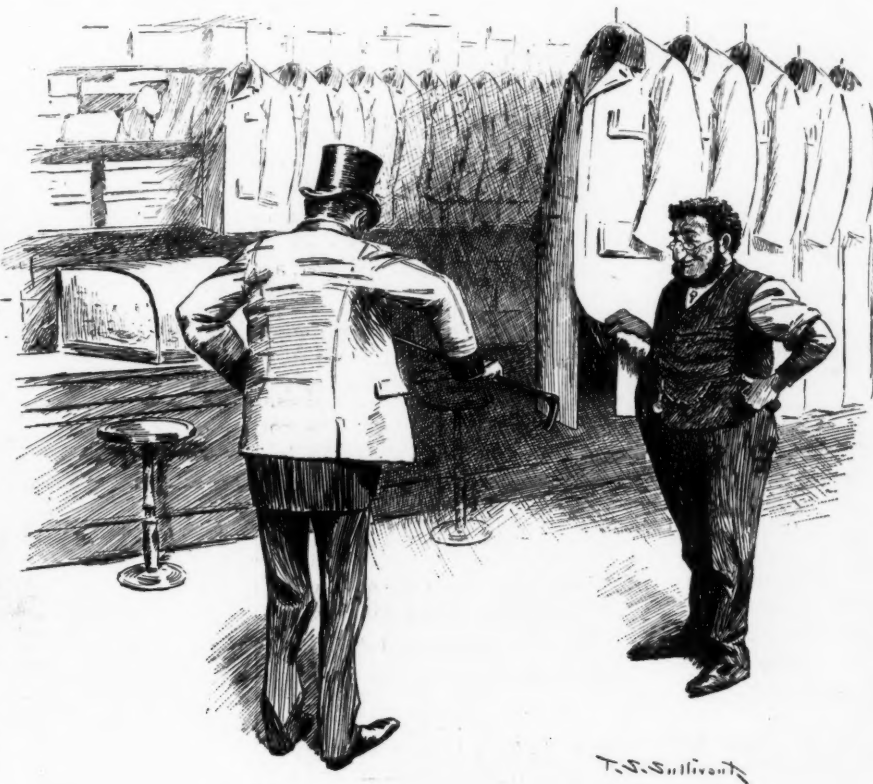
FRYING PAN TO FIRE.

WILLSON: You certainly do not consider the number thirteen unlucky! The thirteen original states successfully escaped the rule of England.

BILLSON: Yes, and now those unlucky thirteen states are ruled by Ireland.

JAY GREEN (*back from the city*): I have my doubts about them city dudes. **MRS. GREEN:** How so, Jay?

JAY: Why, they say that they can understand each other, but darned if I believe it.



T. S. Sullivan

"SAY, HERE MR. GOLDSTEIN, I ONLY BOUGHT THIS COAT OF YOU YESTERDAY, AND A LITTLE RAIN MAKES IT SHRINK LIKE THIS."

Mr. Goldstein: MINE FRIENT! WAS IT A RAINCOAT YOU WANTED? I SELL YOU ONE AT HALLUF PRI.E.



EVERY safe manufacturer has attached to his force expert locksmiths whose duties consist in opening safes which have gotten out of order.

Many of the accidents to safes occur from the gross carelessness of their owners, and at times the honest safe crackers enjoy a quiet laugh at the expense of a group of bank officers or the proprietor of some important establishment.

Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a New York safe maker, requesting that a man be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city.

Upon reaching his destination the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment, and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair, which locked with a key, and which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened.

The man examined the lock and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire and began to dig a mass of dirt, dust and lint out of the key. Then he inserted it in the lock, and when the proprietor with a sickly smile looked up, turned the implement and opened the door.

"What's your charge?" asked the manufacturer.

"Fifty dollars," replied the expert.

"Does any one know you are in town?"

"No."

"Well, then, here's \$60," remarked the manufacturer. "I'll give you \$10 extra if you'll take the first train back to New York without telling any one the price I've paid to have a man dig dirt out of a key for me."—*Montevideo Leader*.

RICHARD: By the way, how do you and Miss Smart get along?

WILLIAM: Oh! that affair is all over.

RICHARD: You don't mean it?

WILLIAM: You see, I'd made up my mind about a week ago to bring matters to a crisis. So I began by saying that I had a question I wanted to ask her.

RICHARD: Yes.

WILLIAM: She tossed her head and said any fool could ask questions.

RICHARD: And you?

WILLIAM: I merely told her perhaps it would be just as well, then, to let some fool ask my question.—*Boston Transcript*.

THEY were celebrating their silver wedding, and, of course, the couple were happy and affectionate.

"Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved, and I shall never forget the first time I proposed to her."

"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in the corner.

They all laughed and he blushed, but the girl carried it off bravely.

"Well, I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday. It was at Richmond. I had been out for a picnic and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, dear, and what a lovely day it was?"

The wife smiled.

"We sat on the trunk of a tree. You haven't forgotten, love, have you?"

The wife smiled again.

"She began writing in the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet?"

The wife nodded.

"She wrote her name, 'Mary,' and I asked her to let me put the other name to it. And I took the parasol and wrote my name, 'Smith,' below it, and she took back the parasol and wrote below it, 'No, I won't.' Then we went home. You remember, darling? Ah, I see you do."

Then he kissed her and the company murmured, "Wasn't it pretty?"

The guests had all departed and the happy pair were left alone.

"Wasn't it nice, Mary, to see all our friends around us so happy?"

"Yes, it was. But, John, that reminiscence of yours!"

"Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday, Mary."

"Yes, dear; there are only three things you're wrong about in that story."

"Wrong? Oh, no."

"John, I'm sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you before we were married. I was never in Richmond in my life, and I never refused you."

"My darling, you must be wrong; I have a good memory."

"I am not wrong, Mr. Smith, and my memory is as good as yours, and although we have been married twenty-five years, I'd like to know who that minx was. You never told me about her before!"—*Boston Journal*.

THE other day Johnnie saw a branded mustang on the street. "Oh, mamma," shouted, "just look how they've gone and vaccinated the poor thing."—*Harper's Young People*.

"I wish you were a cat," said Barlow, ruefully, as Mrs. Barlow stepped on his foot in the dance.

"Why so?" queried madame.

"The cat always lands on her own feet," said Barlow.—*Harper's Bazar*.

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